

Whalesong

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Juneau, Alaska

January 29, 1999

Twenty-four days in Ecuador

Students and faculty spend Christmas break in Ecuador

By E.R. Merculief
Whalesong contributor

How does one sum up an out-of-country experience? This question has been rolling in my mind for three days now. I've been trying to write something that would represent the entire group, but have now determined it's

impossible. Everyone had a unique experience.

I decided to take the three-credit Spanish 393 class, Language and Culture of Ecuador, on whim. The next day, I pulled out all my savings and bought a round-trip ticket to Ecuador. There was no turning back. I have always wanted to visit a foreign country, to travel the world, and to learn about different people and how they live; now I had my chance. The semester was winding down to an end quickly. I had an 18-credit load and didn't have much time to worry about Ecuador. The realization did not hit me until we boarded Alaska Airlines the night of Dec. 16. It was then that I realized I was on my way to a foreign country with only one semester of the language to survive on. My older sister from Anchorage, who spoke no Spanish, was also coming. She joined us in Seattle where she met everyone for the first time. For me, flying to Quito didn't take long. My mind was filled with thoughts, worries, anticipation, and catching up on three months of life with my sister.

We arrived in Quito on the evening of the 17th. It was late, and aside from the excitement of finally being in Ecuador all we wanted was a good night's rest. We were taxed to our hotel, which

cost three American dollars per night, and found the front door was locked. So we stood outside yelling until someone woke up and gave us our rooms. This is how we spent our first night in Ecuador.

I woke up the next morning and looked out my window. I was facing the street we arrived on; I guessed the front door was beneath me somewhere. Across the street were apartment buildings with clotheslines strung every which way. Garments of every color and gender hung stiffly in the air. The sky was a piercing blue; I don't remember seeing any clouds. I could feel the warmth of the sun through the window. I opened the window and inhaled the city air which was a mix of smog and smuggy heat that lingered in my nose; it felt refreshing none the less. I awoke my sister for the morning meeting, which was upstairs on the terrace. From the terrace we caught a glimpse of the city's character. Red-roofed houses in every direction, a patchwork of fields on the hillside, and the Virgin standing faithfully on the hill with her wings out-stretched. I took another deep breath and closed my eyes to feel the sun on my face. I took in the landscape, the smells, everything my senses could gather, and tried to prepare my mind for all that it would experience within the next

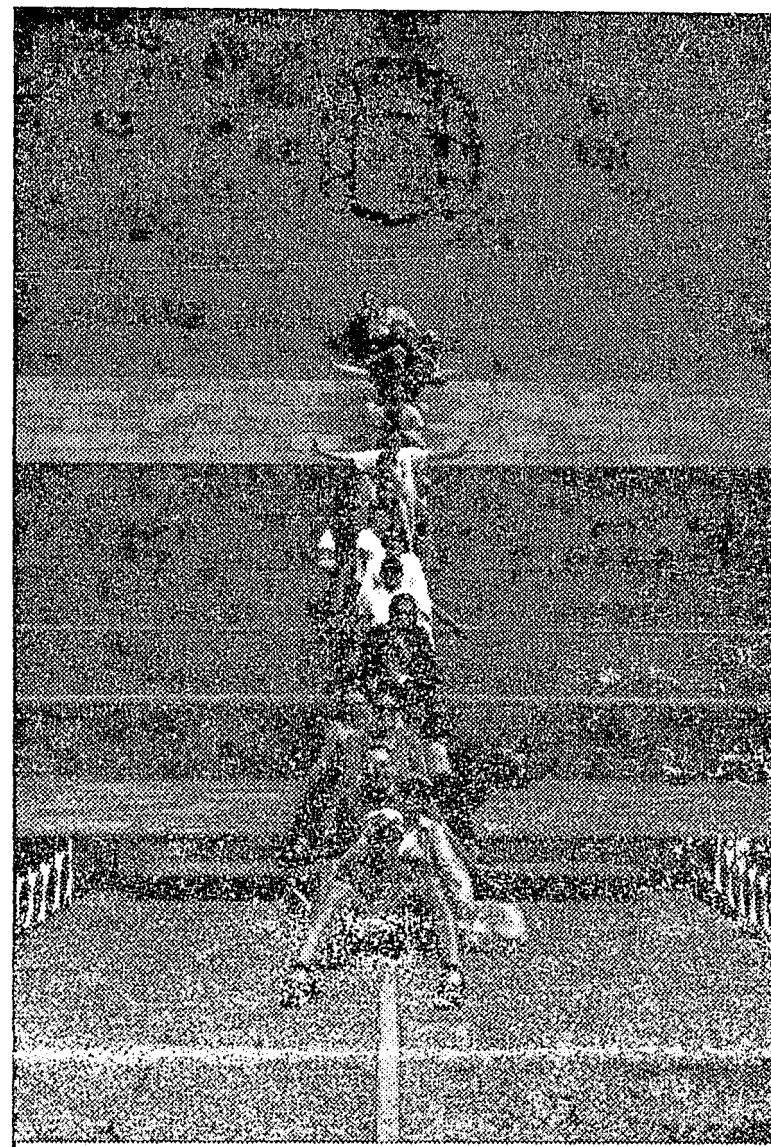


Photo courtesy of Tina Anderson

While you were flying around, hoping your plane could land in the snow, some of your peers were sitting on the ecuador.

23 days.

After the meeting on the terrace, we were free to roam the city in groups of three or more. Our first assignment was to practice our Spanish by talking with the locals, and gather new vocabulary words, which

Continued on page 8...

One night on the metropolis beat

A Whalesong reporter spends evening riding with the Juneau Police Department

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

Earlier this month I decided to embark on a different type of Friday night entertainment. I went on a "ride along" with Patrol Officer Scott Erickson of the Juneau Police Department, for a greater understanding and appreciation of a police officer's job.

When I decided to go on the "ride along," I had many mixed emotions and expectations of what a policeman's job actually is. I guess I was filled with bitter feelings and resentments from previous experiences with cops and how I had been treated by them. I had never actually tried to break the ice and learn about the pressures, stresses, obligations and responsibilities that police officers must face daily. I really took for granted all the emotions they face and never

looked past the badge to understand the person beneath.

The evening began at 6:30 p.m. when I showed up at the Juneau Police Department with an open curious heart and a slightly scarred ego. I was debriefing with Sgt. Benjamin Coronell,

Sgt. Tom Wehnes, Officers Curtis Weske and Erickson, the night shift officers; and several of Juneau's Citizen's Patrol. They began to go over the previous calls of the day, which ranged from a bicycle and car accident, to a stolen keg of beer, to a husband's prank on his wife that involved ketchup poured on his head and a gun placed at his feet. The debriefing was laid back and informal with a touch of humor to keep the nerves calm. For my first and only debriefing it seemed very informative, with inquisitive officers, and I got my first dose of steady compassion. After all the officers' questions had been answered, I was introduced to Officer Erickson. For a moment I sensed a sort of judgment, then the willingness of a mentor, kind of like the feeling of the first time you meet a new teacher. As Officer Weske showed me the communications and dispatch room, Officer Erickson went over his many court subpoenas and personal messages. We loaded the patrol

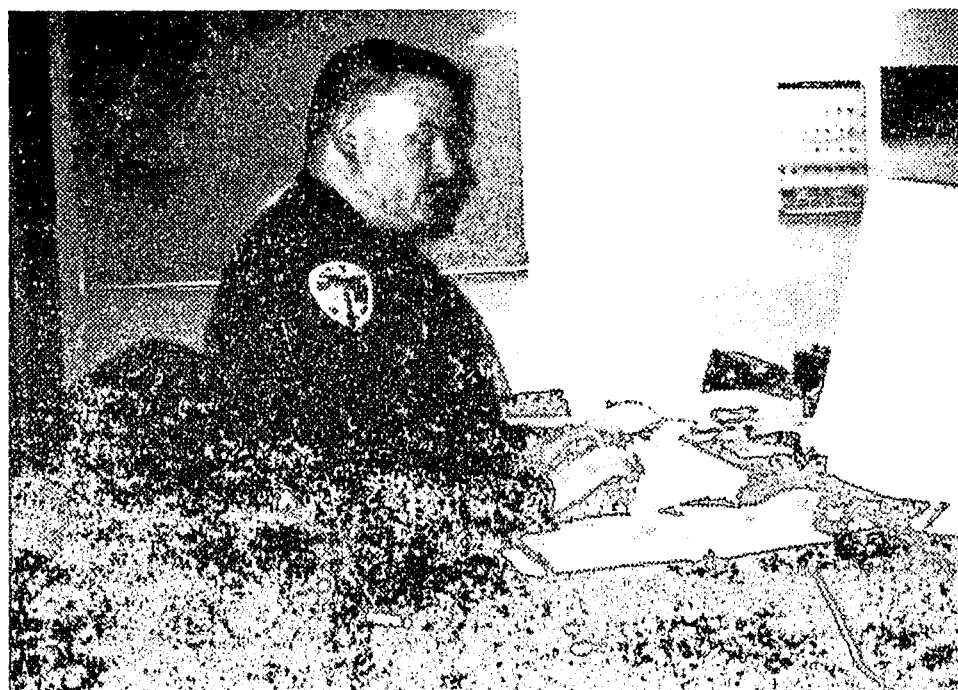


Photo by Eric Morrison

Officer Scott Erickson's job involves paperwork as well as hands on activity.

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Rec center brain-storming

By Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong reporter

Right now a recreation center for the University of Southeast Juneau Campus remains little more than a dream and a sketch on the wall. While university officials explore a variety of options for making the dream come true, student Janelle Snowhook has some ideas of her own, and "they're things that can be done now," she says.

Snowhook, who has worked with the Serve Alaska Youth Corps, suggests that organization might be interested in helping to build the center. SAYC is a branch of SAGA, the Southeast Alaska Guidance Association. Mark Ramonda, SAYC project coordinator, said the youth corps does indeed take on such projects, once an arrangement has been negotiated with a project sponsor. He said SAYC charges a fee, which is "generally pretty affordable."

Snowhook would like to see UAS students involved in building the rec center. She imagines an agreement between university and students in which

students would receive points for hours worked on the center, and a certain number of points would be exchangeable for tuition credits.

In order to assure the inclusion of a climbing wall as part of the rec center's equipment, Snowhook proposes that students purchase sections of the wall. But Laurie Overbay of the Zach Gordon Youth Center said the climbing wall there was hand-built, constructed of two-by-fours and graphic paint. Perhaps building a climbing wall could become a UAS class project.

To help fund the recreation center, Snowhook thinks the bookstore, Spike's, and the cafeteria might be able to "mark up" one item per week and designate the extra dollar to a rec center fund. In addition, Snowhook would like to see "spare change collection jars" placed at different locations around campus.

The rec center will cost an estimated \$4.5 million. That's a lot of spare change, but the realization of a dream has to start somewhere. Snowhook challenges other students to think of ways to work together to achieve this common goal.



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Photo by Kyle Harris

Whalesong

Editor-in-Chief:
Amelia Jenkins

Production Manager:
Wonder Russell

Advertising Manager:
Morgan Brown

Photographer:
Tia Anderson

Staff Reporters:
Cherilyn Johnson
Eric Morrison, Joe Parnell

Columnist:
Lori Exferd, Effin Wright

Advisor:
Kirk McAllister

Technical Consultant:
Dave Kleinpeter

The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1500 copies per issue. *The Whalesong's* primary audience is UAS students, although its broader audience includes faculty, staff, and community members. *The Whalesong* will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas. The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response.

The *Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material written by non-staff members. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska and reflect only those of the author(s). The editorial staff is solely responsible for content.

The Whalesong: Auke Lake Campus
Mailing address: 11120 Glacier Highway
• Juneau, AK 99801.

Telephone: 465-6434, Fax 465-6399
E-mail:
JYWHALE@ACAD1.ALASKA.EDU
URL: <http://www.jun.alaska.edu/whalesong>



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Delicious Surprises

You look so sweet, they say,
surprised and offended,
when I speak my mind or
indulge in retort.

I am so sweet, I say,
and sharp and crisp and honest
as sweet red pepper.

You look so sweet, they say,
surprised and disapproving,
when I laugh from my gut or
let slip a swear.

I am so sweet, I say,
and dark and rich and strong
as sweet Turkish coffee.

You look so sweet, they say,
surprised and disappointed,
when I refuse to budge or
fail to comply.

I am so sweet, I say,
and solid and dense and complex
as pineapple upside down cake.

—Marah

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Hi.

I'm Tim.

I'm single
and I like
to cook.

Letters to the Editor

Effin:

Not to make a stink about it, but the correct term for fart is "flatulence," not "flagellation" as in the Cancer horoscope. And, to "cut" right to it, "flatus" is the medical term from Latin flare, to flare.

Anoni-Moose
(the flatulent ungulate)

A letter to the editor:

I'd like to use this public forum to express appreciation to the staff of the physical plant for installing the toilet seat cover dispensers and covers in the campus restrooms. Thank you!

Cherilyn Johnson



Slow Silence

I see the love in your tears as we sit here, our last few days together, in slow silence. The reason it hurts so much when we have to leave is because our souls are connected. Maybe they always have been. I know I have spent every life before this one searching for you. Not someone like you, but YOU. Your soul and mine must always come together, we are of the same essence. I would love to tell you that everything will work out for us, and I promise to do all I can to make sure it does. But if we never see each other again and this truly is good-bye, I know we will meet again in another life.

We will find each other again, and maybe the stars will have changed, and we will not only love each other in that time, but for all the times we've had before.

MCH

Banff Festival of Mountain Films

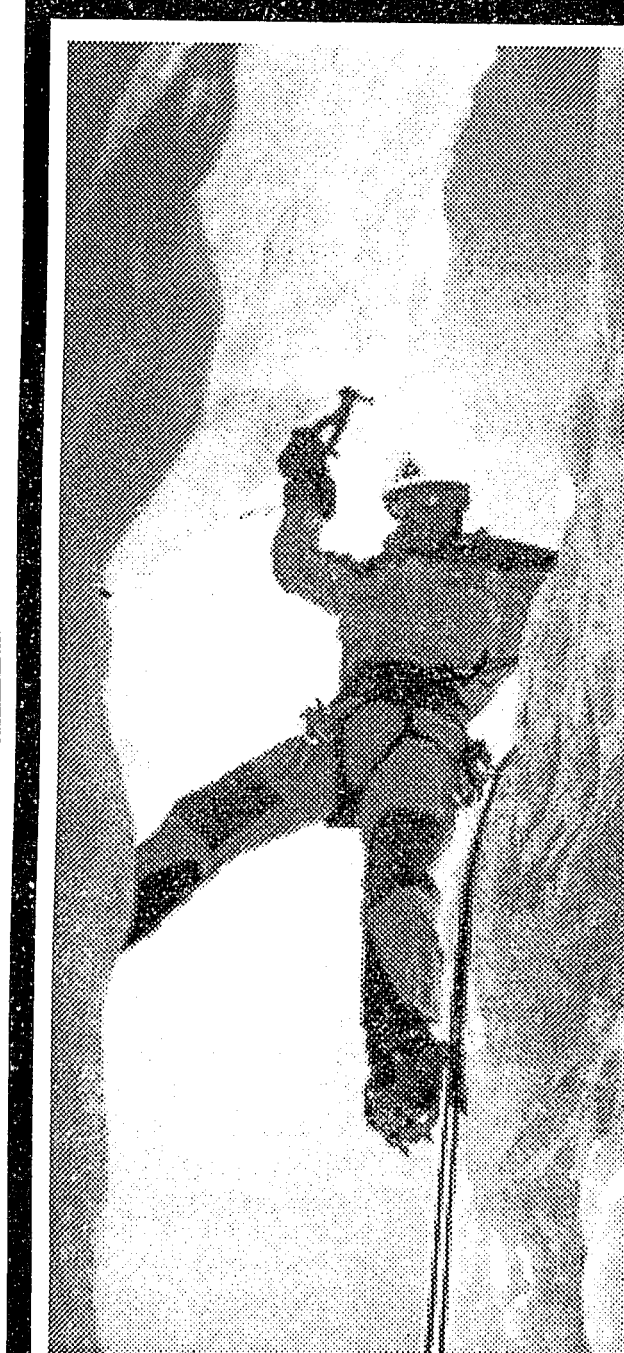
Friday, Feb. 12
7:00 pm
Centennial Hall

"Best of Festival"
international tour.

Short films featuring
mountain climbing,
kayaking, snowboarding
and more!

\$ 8 UAS Students & Alumni w/ I.D.
\$10 General Admission
Tickets only available at the door.

Sponsored by UAS. UAS is an AA/EQ
educational institution. Photo: Icefalls, No
Limits Production, Milano, Italy



Tech fee proposals

As a University of Alaska Southeast student, you pay a technology fee of five dollars per credit hour, up to 12 credits. Wouldn't you like to have a say in how that money is spent? Well, you can. The Teaching, Learning, and Technology Roundtable (TLTR) is currently soliciting proposals for how best to spend the remaining 1999 technology fees—about \$25,000.

Technology fees, as the name implies, are intended to purchase and maintain high-tech equipment for the university—equipment ranging from computer hardware and software to cameras and projectors—with a goal of "supporting teaching and learning," according to a TLTR flyer. Suggestions for expenditures that will benefit the greatest number of students will be given priority, but projects that will affect fewer students will also be considered.

Complete information regarding proposal criteria and format is available at the circulation desk at the Egan Library. Proposals regarding how to spend the 1999 technology fees should be turned in by February 11 to Sherry Taber, Director of Library, Computing and Media Services.

Police...

Continued from page 1

car, double-checked the equipment, and made sure the stuffed teddy bear was there in case a child needed some extra security.

The moment we jumped into the "cruiser" we were off on a call to protect and serve. I didn't want to overwhelm Officer Erickson with a barrage of questions, so I eased into the interview by having him tell me a little bit about himself.

The 28-year-old husband/father had been raised in Juneau and had "geared [his] whole adult life around becoming a police officer," he said. I was very curious as to why he had wanted to become a police officer, and he gave me several reasons. He told me he "wanted to contribute to society and get to help people daily." But the answer that the well-spoken officer gave that impressed me the most was "I have a big impact in our world."

As we rolled up to the first call, we found a frustrated 65-year-old lady whose car had just been broken into and burglarized. The passenger window of her SUV had been shattered by a rock, and she was robbed of what she called "a big mess of a purse." Officer Erickson used standard procedure, as far as I could tell, as he calmly assessed the situation, gathered clues and evidence, fingerprints, pictures, and then found the rock that shattered the window wedged under the driver's seat. He calmly informed her of the details, eased her with compassion, and added some humor to lighten up the dismal effects of circumstance. The lady was more concerned about her address book and pictures of her grandchildren than about the material worth of her leather bag and credit cards. She installed a hope of humanity in me which had nearly faded out, when she offered to give the thieves money if they needed it, as long as they were willing to work for it.

Officer Erickson patiently listened and reflected on every question and concern she had. As we drove off, I was curious what he thought about that stop and how he felt about the lady's humanity. He told me that generally "people tend to feel most uncomfortable by hav-



Officer Scott Erickson at his chariot.

Photo by Eric Morrison

ing their personal property violated." As I thought back to my personal experiences, I could relate to the statement he made, as I'm sure many people could.

"I get paid to serve the public and to make contacts with the public sector. So I don't mind spending a little extra time on cases, because I have to live here," said Erickson.

As we cruised from call to call, ranging from checking on the well-being of kids playing and wrestling in the snow to several domestic disputes, I was able to touch on some key issues police officers experience, that intrigue me. When I asked him about his major concerns, the humble and compassionate officer replied, "What really concerns me the most is the children. Children are innocent, they don't get to see things on a realistic view."

I was curious what frustrates him about being an officer of the law and he told me, "we lose a lot of respect from people because of their interpretation of what happens. All they see is their side. We don't demand respect. We are representations of our society, and when people don't respect us,

"The key to a good happy life is responsibility. To be able to act responsibly and accept that responsibility."

-Officer Scott Erickson

they really don't respect their own society."

One of the main questions I had for Officer Erickson was what he would change or enhance about the policing profession. "I would try to enhance or make better our reception to the public. The police and the community don't have much of a connection, and that's unfair. A lot of the problem is miscommunication and misinterpretation. People don't know how to react to police or what to say."

At this point he let me in on his secret of life. "The key to a good happy life is responsibility. To be able to act responsibly and to accept that responsibility. Such as being responsible for your children and your actions." The very next call touched on the responsibility issue.

We responded to a local movie theater that reported an "overdosed teenager passed out on the bathroom floor." As we entered the rest room not knowing what to expect, an intense shock wave of Bacardi rum vapors rushed to freedom. There lay a 15-year-old boy, praying to his porcelain god, puking his guts out. The image installed in me a vast array of sense memories of my adolescent experiments and drunken escapades. I felt a sense of sympathy as he slurred and stammered everything from "It wasn't my fault" to "I've never been drunk before in my life" and the classic "I'm sicker than a dog."

Officers Weske and Erickson remained poised and relaxed, and I could feel the compassion for the safety of the boy. I was impressed by their professionalism as they persisted in their interrogation through many lies, contradictions, and the belligerent behavior. The kid had

the heart of a lion and wouldn't "narc" on his friends, but then cursed them as two of them came back to check out their buddy's safety. When sobriety tests and citations were divvied out, a "Great, this is groundation" remark stirred up a few laughs. As the parents showed up one by one, many emotions were shared—anger, disappointment, a relief of safety and many others.

There were several moments of silence before Officer Erickson told me, "Many people misunderstand the law. There are a hundred things we've got to worry about for one minor situation." I had never looked at it that way before. "I pride myself on never doing anything harmful to anyone for personal reasons. I try to give people the benefit of the doubt and I think most officers do," he said, and I was very relieved to hear this. Then he stressed that "most of our job is reactive, not so much proactive."

The next few hours consisted of several calls, from a dispute over a garage filled with the putrid smell of dog and cat urine to a driving under the influence arrest. Then the most memorable, frightening and exhilarating call came.

We went on a follow-up call from a drunken dispute that luckily was tamed to a verbal confrontation. We went to the man's home who had been unsuccessful in a face-to-face confrontation, who then left several unacceptable, abusing messages, on the verge of threats that I personally listened to. The man was so drunk he left his door open and was in a drunken daze, sprawled out in a reclining chair. The conversation spanned from lie to lie, and when the man stumbled over his lies, he began to make threats. Officer Erickson delivered the intended message for the man to stop making harassing phone calls, as I stood back with my heart racing while anticipating the next course of action. As we walked away, the man persisted with threats of "boobytraps" and even mentioned his shotgun. At this point in the early hours of the morning, I had all the questions answered that I sought and saw many emotions that police officers go through daily, and I had a new-found respect for their profession. As Officer Erickson brought me home, I gave him my honest thanks for the opportunity to go on that "ride along," and I expressed my thanks for him being so compassionate, professional, and such a role model for our entire community.

I went on this "ride along" for a story in the *Whalesong*, but I came back with a greater understanding and respect for the Juneau Police Department. Officer Erickson expressed his most rewarding experience as "seeing people I've helped that have turned their lives around. And people who express their thanks for things I had done for them." So if you ever have any problems, fears or even gratification towards a police officer, express them to him or her, because it makes a difference. And if you don't have respect for the job that they do, then ride a few miles in their shoes. My "ride along" was the first time I opened up to a police officer, and the first time I looked past "the badge" and saw a truly compassionate person who acted with poise, dignity and respect at every moment and every call I went on with him. On this particular emotional roller coaster ride of compassion, concern, fear and hope, I had a truly eye-opening experience.

Thank you, Scott!!

Working on Ura Nihon: Back of Beyond

For the Whalesong

This February, a unique dramatic experience comes to the Palace Theater. *Ura Nihon: Back of Beyond* is an original piece created and directed by Perseverance Theater member and UAS Drama teacher Anne Stokes. Although staged in play form, the piece is more in the genre of performance art, and Stokes defines it as "a collection of narrative images" that focus on the "archetypal journey of a child who finds his way."

Ura Nihon is Japanese for "back of beyond", and is developed in the Japanese theater style known as *Suzuki*. Stokes has studied the form for years, in and out of Japan, and recently brought renowned Suzuki instructor Steve Pearson from the University of Washington to Juneau for a workshop. Several of the actors who attended the workshop are now recreating what they learned in *Ura Nihon*. The essence of the method is that the actor's connection with each other in relation to the space they are working in and their own center of gravity bring greater

focus and a more present or "in the moment" existence to the acting. At the beginning of the piece, Suzuki training, which includes stomping in groups, a variety of walks and sitting and standing statues, as well as improvisation games were studied and developed at every rehearsal.

Ura Nihon features a cast of ten performers, all of whom have had experience singing, acting and dancing in productions from Perseverance's *Rocky Horror* to Juneau Dance Unlimited's *Winter Brilliance*. This current production, however, presents a different type of challenge to the actors, as it is based in improvisation. When Stokes cast the play in December, there were no no specific roles, nor a script, only a storyboard she had drawn out to provide a guideline. Assignments given to actors to improvise scenarios among themselves provided the meat to fill in the structure of the piece. Using the her favorite lines and actions from the actors' improvisations, Stokes and poet Rebecca Yates would compile a specific scene. At this point in the process, although minor script changes are

still being made as actors flesh out their characters and adjust to the spatial relations in the Palace, a script has been developed, and the actors are working "off book", or with all their lines memorized.

The piece enlists notable University involvement. Initial rehearsals were held at the Bill Ray Center. Production managers Amelia Jenkins and Wonder Russell, and actress Calley Burton are all receiving credit for their work. Students Brennan Halterman and Heather Paige worked behind the scenes painting the set. Some students hope that this type of production that involves both UAS and the arts community will encourage the University to move toward a Drama department.

Production managers are responsible for organizing and managing rehearsals, overseeing publicity, running the lights and sound, and collaborating with other members of the production team. "It's been exciting to see how all these elements come together and depend on each other," comments Jenkins. Perseverance stage manager Beth Kline likens the production manager's

job to staying in the side of the brain that is structured and organized, so that the director is free to observe and make any artistic decisions necessary.

Shar Fox of African Rain is integrating various styles of Japanese music as well as creating original compositions along with actor and fellow African Rain member T.J. Hovest. Betsy Kunibe, who worked with Stokes on her last production, *South Wall*, is building many props, including a life-size blue heron that can be "flown" across the stage by three performers, integrating yet another form of Japanese theater, the art of Kabuki. Deb Stover is a local lights designer who is lights and costume consultant for the piece.

Ura Nihon has evolved from the cooperation of many important people and organizations, especially UAS, Perseverance Theater, and Juneau Arts and Humanities, who have made a great portion of the production possible. Look for posters around campus, and a review of *Ura Nihon: Back of Beyond* in later edition of the *Whalesong*.



Elizabeth Carrion
New York
1st year

"The Towering Towers"



John White
Alaska
1st Semester

"I enjoy the friendly open People"



Nikki Robinson
Alaska
1st year

"I like that the teachers are willing to make exception and do anything they can to help out"



Rob Carruth
New Mexico
1st year

"I like the diversity of people that go to School here"



Roger Jacobson
Earth?
1st semester

"I enjoy the architectural layout of the Student housing and the walk from housing to campus"

Question of the week:

Compiled and photographed by Eric Morrison

What is your favorite part of UAS?



Wade Berens
Oregon
4th year

"The best part of the UAS experience for me has been the friends I've made through the UAS Christian Fellowship"



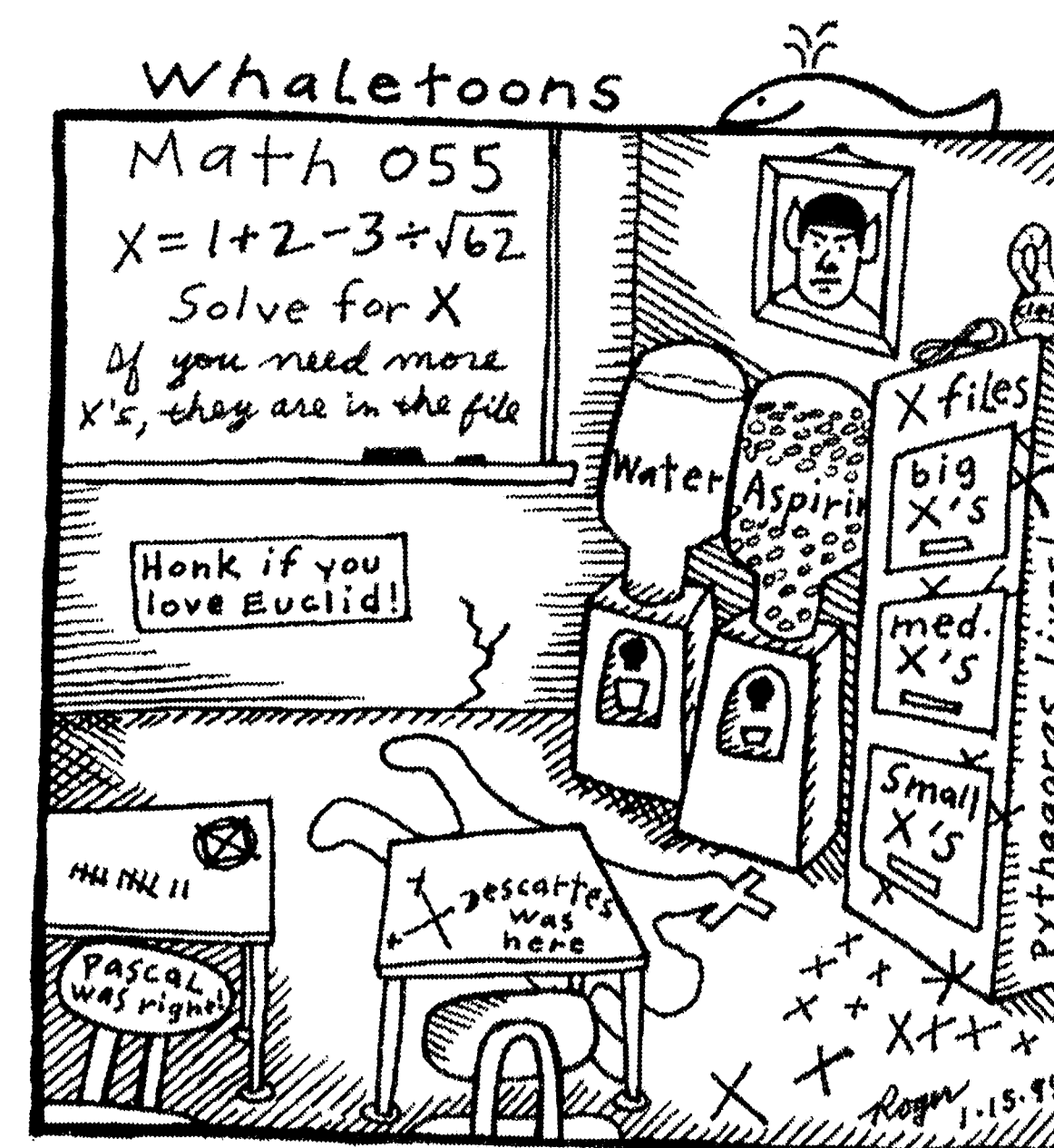
Sarah Demmert
Alaska
1st Year

"I like the small Community Environment and the great Professors."

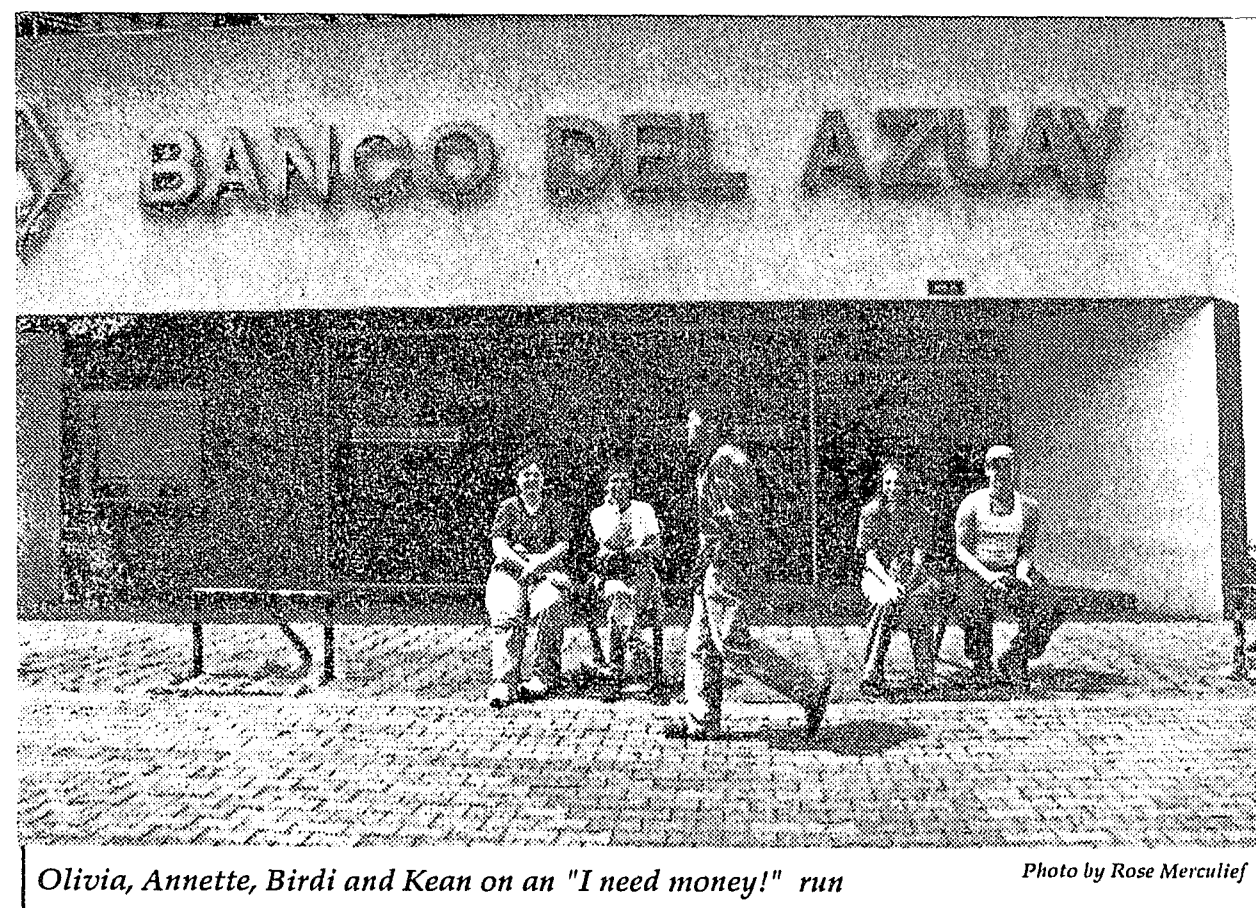


Charles Garry
New Jersey
1st semester

"The reason I was attracted to this campus, was because I wanted to be in a place where nature is vibrant and people are kind."

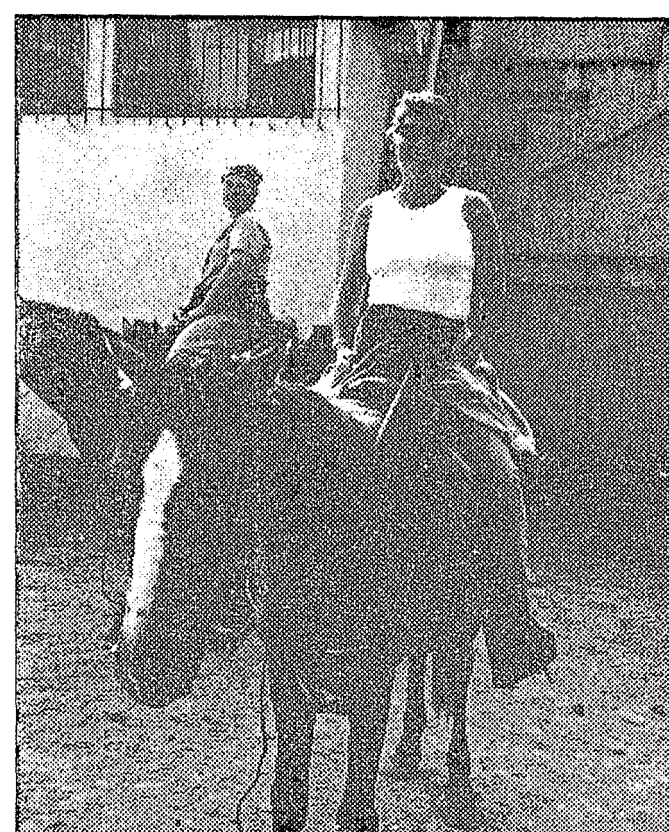


Photos and poems: students bring



Olivia, Annette, Birdi and Kean on an "I need money!" run

Photo by Rose Merculief



Annette and Olivia horseback riding

photo by Rose Merculief



photo by Tia Anderson

Rick, Birdi and friend Renzo at Banos



photo by an Ecuadorian hotel owner

Guess who! The whole group together in their New Year's masks.

Puerto Lopez

These lazy days
settle like dust on the street.
Life from a hammock
is slow.
A blue truck roars by,
grinds my ear.
Key unlocks a gate
while my birds circle overhead,
shaming the wind.
Here, the ocean waves devour the sand,
ravenous.
Children's laughter.

Poems by Tia Anderson

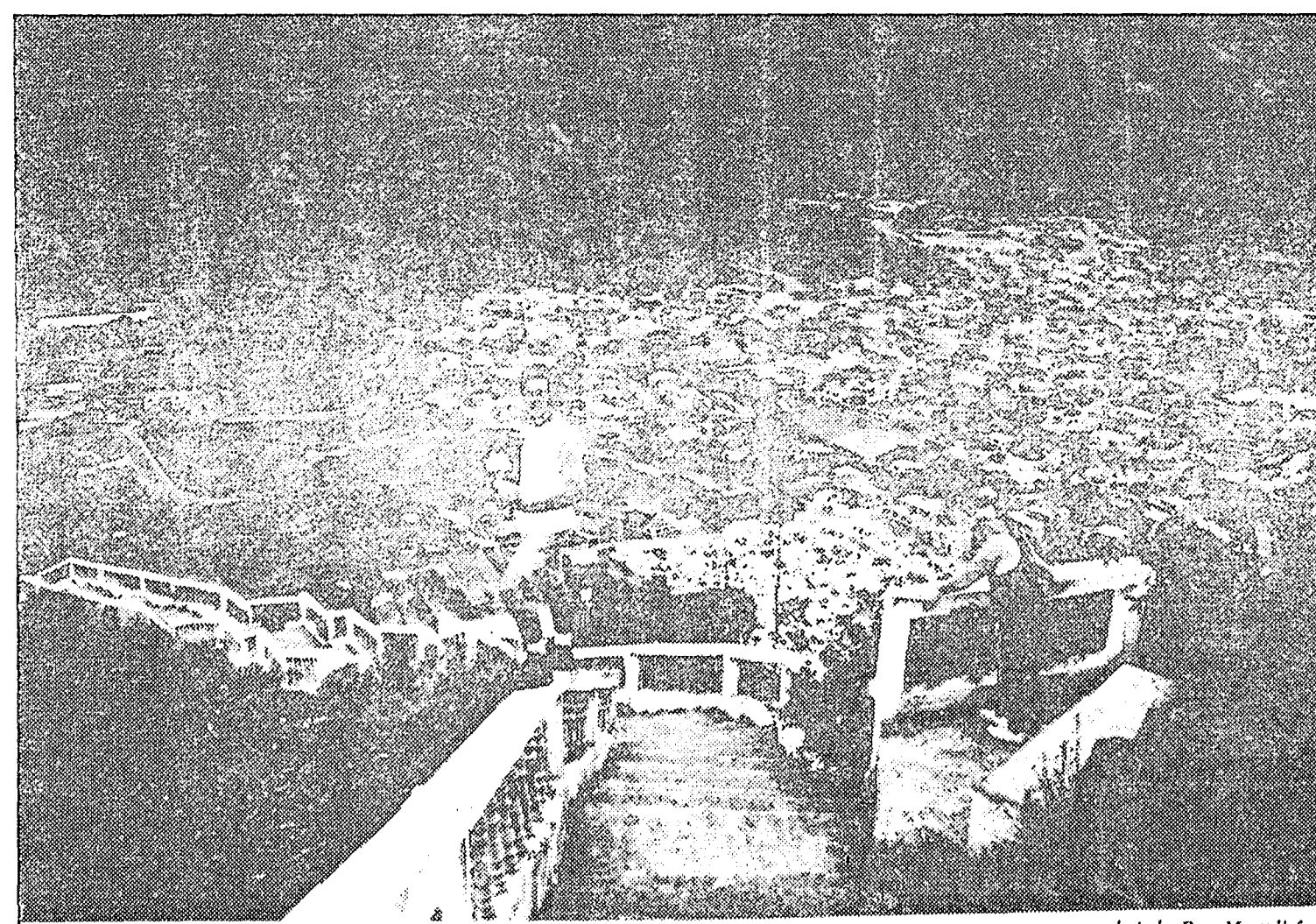


photo by Rose Merculief

Joe and Joe (Jose y Pepe) survey the capitol city of Quito

the flavor of Ecuador to Juneau



Courtesy of Tia Anderson

Tia with two friends at the orphanage.

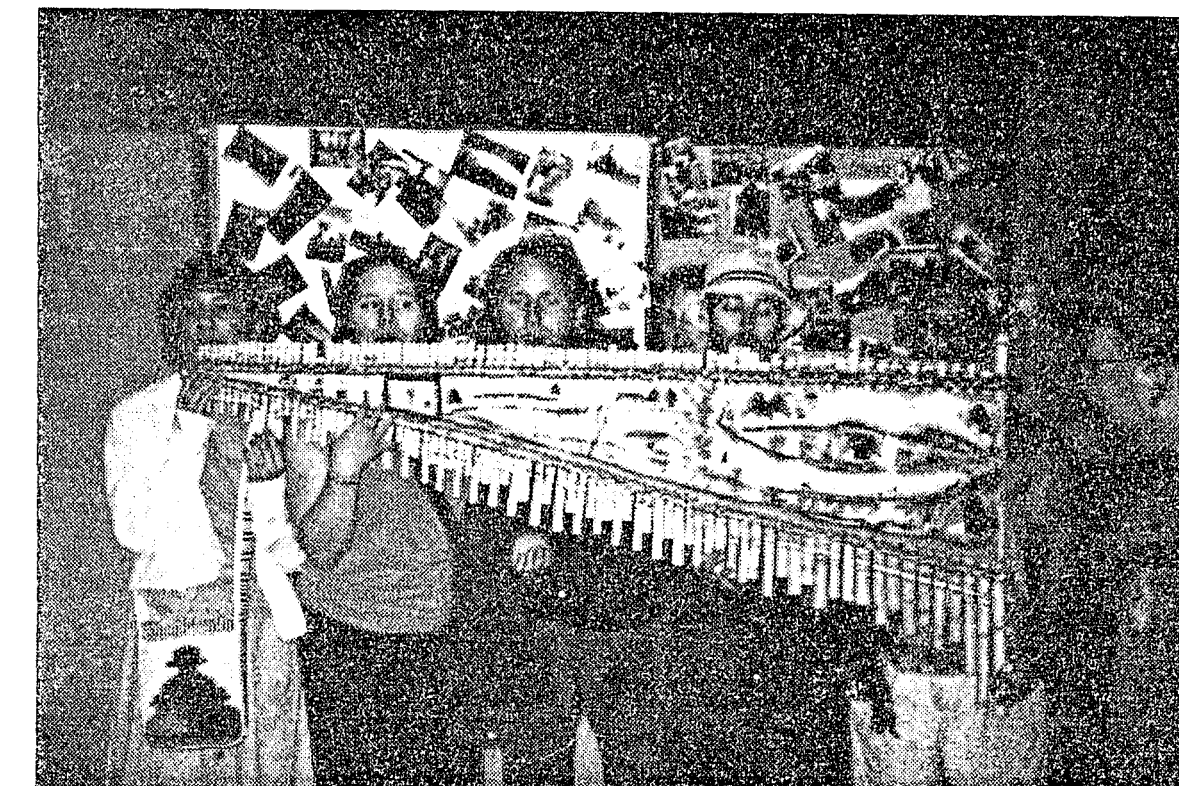


Photo by Tia Anderson

Professor Rick and students make music together



Photo by Tia Anderson

You know the good guys by their white hats!
Jeff poses with an Ecuadorian shop owner.



Photo by Tia Anderson

Gary enjoys the perfect summer snack...
in December.

Jungle Makeover

Loud green jungle
hear it sing.
There are three of us
about to grin.
On discovering the colors
of lipstick in the wild.

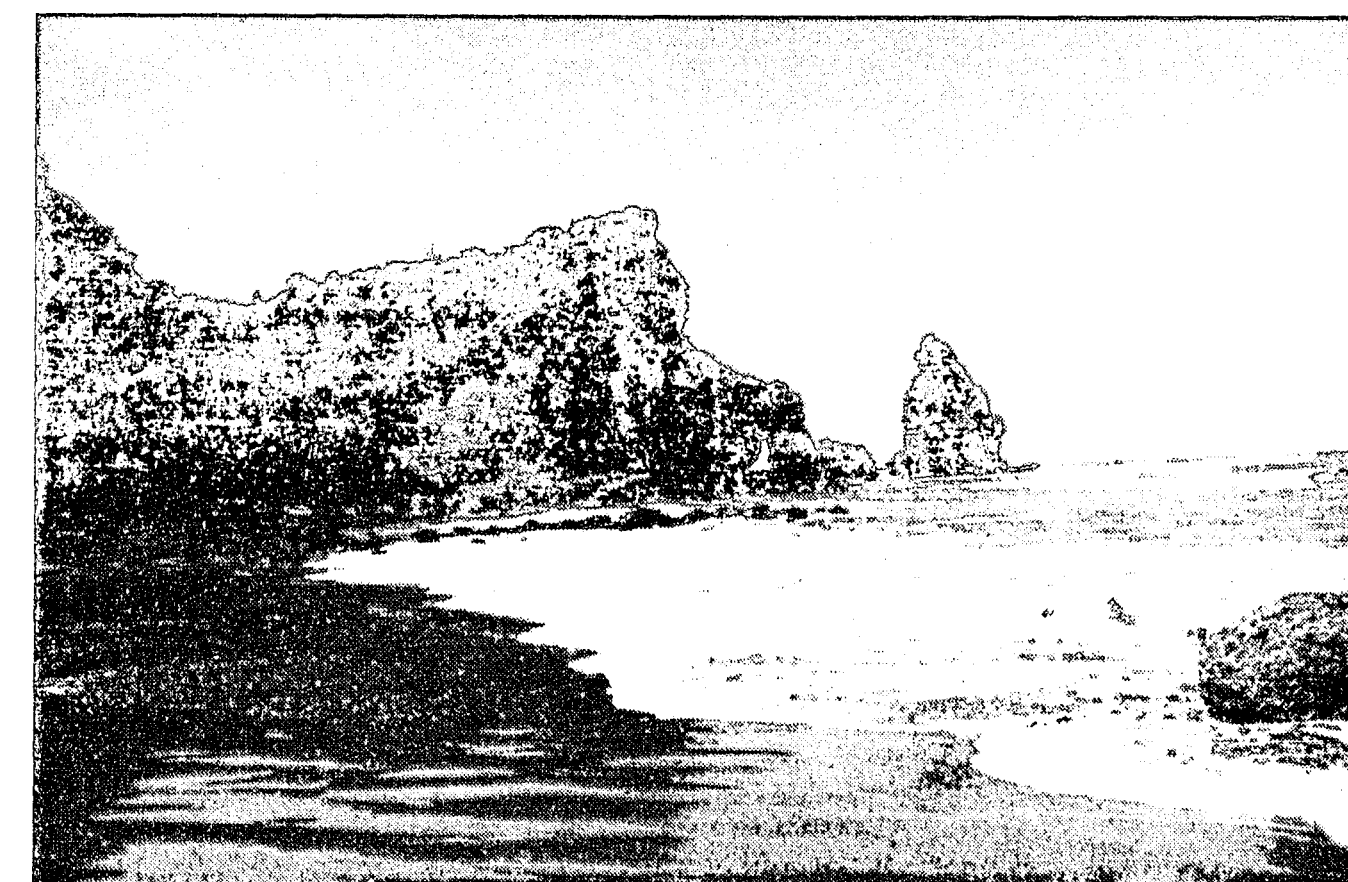


Photo by Rose Merculief

The beach where the students did most of their studying.

Puerto Lopez

These lazy days
settle like dust on the street.
Life from a hammock
is slow.
A blue truck roars by,
grinds my ear.
Key unlocks a gate
while my birds circle overhead,
shaming the wind.
Here, the ocean waves devour the sand,
ravenous.
Children's laughter.

...Ecuador

Continued from page 1

we would do every day. A large group of us set out to the bank (*el banco*) to exchange our dollars into *suces*. The exchange rate was approximately 7,000 *suces* to a dollar. Not realizing this I exchanged \$100 and received a thick wad of bills. It was late morning by now and those of us who hadn't eaten breakfast yet were starving. It was time to tackle the restaurant scene and hope our Spanish skills would pull through. After roaming a few blocks with grumbling stomachs, we found a place to eat. The menus arrived with hundreds of words and phrases we did not know. Those with dictionaries scrambled to figure out what was what. A few of us experimented with unknowns, but most settled on chicken and rice.

Nourished and happy, we began our exploration of Quito, the capital city of Ecuador, at an altitude of 8,000 feet. We roamed through the busy smog-filled streets. Boys hung out of bus doors yelling their destination as they passed you by. We eventually stumbled upon the market where we found Ecuadorian treasures: wool and alpaca sweaters, silver jewelry, bead work, carvings, traditional clothing, paintings. One of us decided to take the plunge and begin bargaining for a wool purse. We probably paid more than a local would, but it was still very cheap by our standards.

Later in the afternoon we made our way to "Old Town." We wove around street vendors selling sunglasses, soccer balls, Chiclets, candy, and food. There was a mix of modern and traditional clothing. Most of the Ecuadorians were garbed in the traditional clothing of the mountain people. The women wore colorful shawls and skirts with a hat and the men colorful ponchos, usually with a hat. I expected poverty, but the reality never strikes you until it is looking you in the face and asking for charity. We could see the towers of the Basilica in the distance. We headed towards the Basilica, which is an immense church built in Gothic style. Roaming through the empty halls of the church, I felt like I stepped into my art appreciation book. The walls were lined with stained glass Biblical scenes that seemed to glow on their own.

The church has two big towers with staircases and ladders that wind all the way to the tip-top. We climbed and climbed, stopping every few floors to catch our breath and look at the view. When we reached the top we sat mesmerized by the 360-degree view of the city. Looking completely around it felt as if we were in the midst of a sea of red roofs stretching across the horizon; interrupted by an occasional wave of green. I just about caught my heart in my hands when the bells started to sound off the hour. After climbing down, our minds brimming with input, we navigated our way back to the hotel with the help of our Lonely Planet's Travelers Guide (a traveler's bible for a foreign country). The nervousness of being in a foreign land was beginning to fade away, and in its place excitement.

We spent four days in Quito adjusting to the altitude and familiarizing ourselves with the feel of a new country. We departed Quito for Panzeleo by bus. This is where the orphanage is located, and where we would spend Christmas. We split into two groups along the way. Half with Rick Bellagh, going straight to Panzeleo, and the other half with Alex and Magu Apella, to explore a small town on the way. I was in the group going straight through. When I thought of "bus," I thought Greyhound, or the Juneau buses, but an Ecuadorian bus is a whole different story. First, you must roam around the bus center until the man yelling your destination recruits you for his bus. Here you can bargain for a cheaper bus fare, because they will always try to charge you more, especially as a foreigner, or "Gringos" as they call Americans. Getting on the bus is only the beginning. Once boarded, and well on our way, a man will come and collect the bus fare. Along with the interesting bus system, the driving in Ecuador is also quite different (to say the least). I think we all sat wide-eyed a few times as our bus went screaming past other buses and cars on narrow roads, around bends, you name it and they could do it.

Once I accepted the system and got as comfortable as possible I sat back to enjoy the scenery. We passed farmers fields rolling along the hills scattered with cows and native vegetation. On this particular ride I had a conversation with the man next to me. I talked about Alaska, to his amazement, and he told me about Ecuador. The people are

almost always willing to struggle through your bad Spanish, mine at least, and help you to understand them. Panzeleo is a small rural town a little higher in altitude than Quito. In the distance you could see Cotopoxi on the horizon; sitting there in all its snowcapped glory was the highest active volcano in the world.

When we arrived at the orphanage a barrage of little kids greeted us. They all ran to Rick first who they knew from his previous visit, then came to shake our hands and introduce themselves. We were welcomed with all the glory of one who is returning home after a long absence. I was uncertain what to do with myself at first, but after the first day I settled into the rhythm of their lifestyle. We played frisbee and volleyball with the children. Helped with chores around the site, and enjoyed very hearty meals that never left me discontent. It was easy to fall in love with the children because they gave you all their attention and loved you so simply.

Christmas celebration started on the 23rd. The morning was spent preparing food for the big feast—everyone had to contribute. My sister and I made fried bread, *pan frito*. At first everyone was surprised by the idea of frying bread, but once tried it was an instant hit. People from all around

came for the dinner. They brought all kinds of traditional foods until the large buffet table was filled. We were finally all gathered in the eating hall to say a prayer and commence the celebration. After the big dinner we played games and hung around chatting with everyone. That evening the children went to church and we hung back as a group to have a meeting. We built a bonfire and practiced singing Christmas songs. When the children returned everyone gathered to meet *Papa Noel* (Santa Claus). Songs were sung and the children danced with Papa Noel before the gifts were brought out. Each child had to do a little dance or something before they received their gift. Afterwards songs were sung in Spanish and in return we sang songs in English. This Christmas was one of the most memorable in my book. It was the idea of Christmas in its truest form.

Christmas was our last night at the orphanage. The following morning we awoke early for breakfast and to say farewell to our new friends. It was a little sad to leave everyone behind, but the trip must continue. We were heading to Banos, which literally means "baths" in Spanish. It is a town famous for its natural hot springs. Here we had many options; we could stay there for the next five days, take a trip to the jungle, or visit smaller towns nearby. Banos reminded me a little of a Southeast Alaska town like Sitka. It was set in the mountains and had a lot of tourist attractions. The restaurants were an American haven that could satisfy any American cravings that built up over the past few weeks. Unfortunately this is where I got sick. We were all uncertain how and why sickness hit us when it did but eventually everyone but a few got a little stomach sickness. While I was sick my sister went to the jungle with a group of people and came back with polka dot legs from mosquito bites.

New Years was a huge celebration. You can feel the excitement of a fiesta in the air. Everyone was preparing for the New Year donning masks and building stuffed men, like scarecrows, that would be burned in the streets at midnight. It is an entirely different experience than an American New Year. Instead of the big ball dropping in New York City we had burning men that represented "getting rid of the old year" and welcoming the new. There were street dances, bands playing on corners, masked paraders roaming about asking for money, and much more. A group of us went to a dance/bar, called the Salsatech. There weren't many people there but my sister and I started chatting with

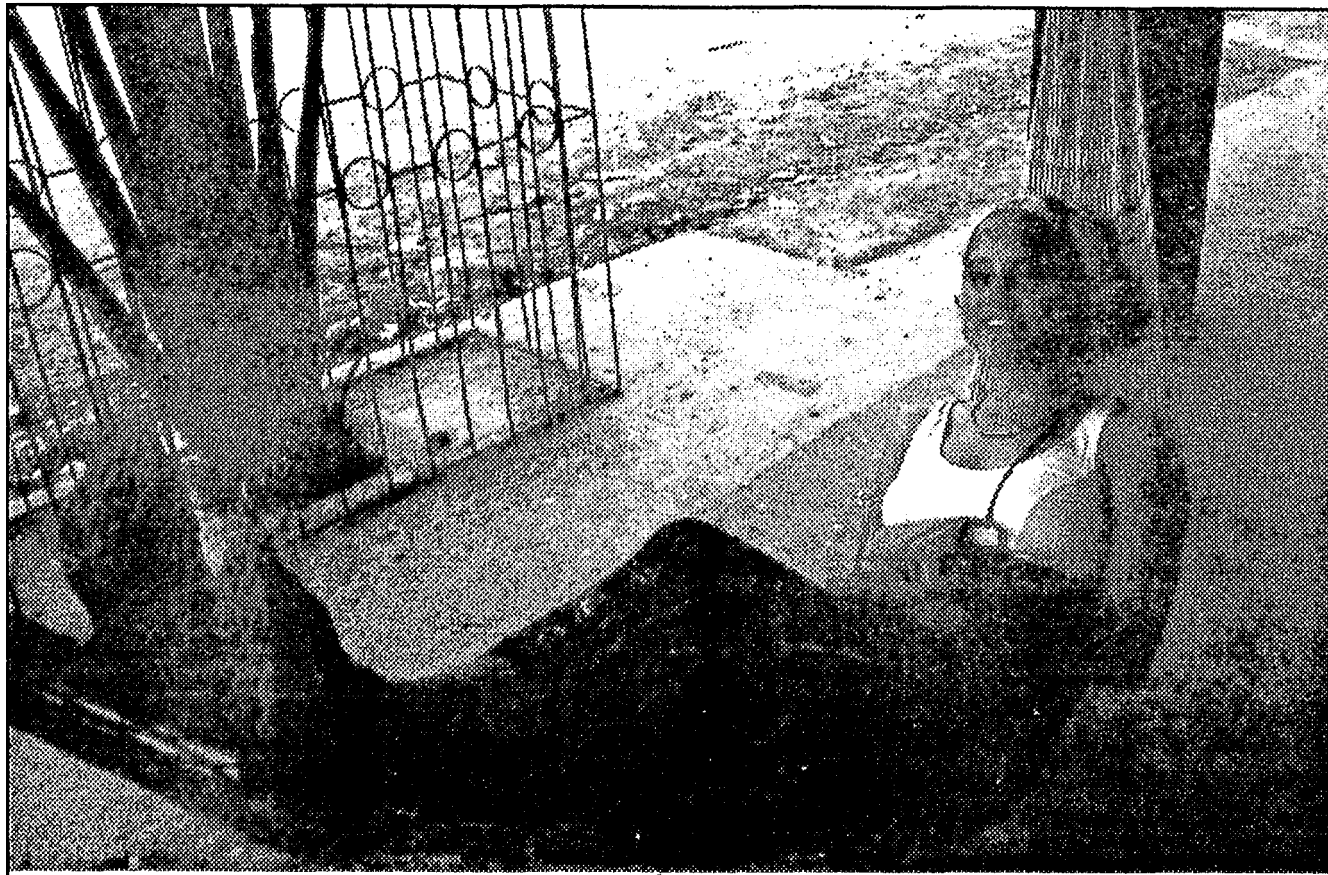
the bartender who decided to teach us how to salsa. So part of my New Year's was spent learning how to salsa from a bartender in Banos. Afterwards we went to a street dance where we found the rest of our group. Here we counted down the seconds to New Year's and danced around the burning man.

Early new years morning we caught the first bus that would take us to Quevedo. From Quevedo we connected to Portoviejo then to Puerto Lopez. The trip would be a total of about 13 hours bumping and swerving down through the mountains to the coast. We stayed over-night in Portoviejo. You could see El Nino had taken its toll here. The streets were filled with garbage and everything seemed dusty and brown whether it was clean or not. We slept with interesting little companions that night. I went to the bathroom and was greeted by four waving antennas perched on the sink. We made it through the night and were happy to be on our way to Puerto Lopez.

Puerto Lopez is a small fishing village on the coast famous for its tranquility and beautiful beaches where you could body surf the waves and bask in the sun. Growing up on an island myself I felt good to be back at sea level and walking in the surf. I fell in love with the warm blue water and mellow sate of things. We visited an island called la Isla de la Plata, "The Island of Silver" about 40 minutes off the coast by boat. It is called this because of all the white bird poop everywhere. It is famous for the Blue Footed Boobies, which do indeed have strikingly blue feet, and are everywhere. You can walk right next to them as long as you don't go beyond the circle of poop that they sit in the middle of. We were told they attack if you do; none of us tested it. We went on a hike that trailed the coast of the island then cut back through the middle. Cliffs dove into the sea, and birds circled their nests as we passed by. Our guide pointed out different plants that would help stomach aches and one that smelled like licorice that he said repelled mosquitoes.

We spent six days on the coast. Some people took a two-day trip to Manantita, a surfer's town famous for its surf a little south of Puerto Lopez. Our last days in Puerto Lopez lingered on, and I was glad. I spent my days walking along the shore, watching sunsets, body surfing, swinging in hammocks, and enjoying fresh seafood everyday. It was solemn farewell when the day finally came. Our trip was ticking away its last moments. We reluctantly boarded our bus to venture back to the mountains. Twenty-four days slipped pass us in a whirlwind of sunshine and smiles. We spent one more day in Quito shopping for last minute gifts to bring home. That night we ate our last Ecuadorian feast together while we reminisced about the trip recalling funny stories.

I will never forget the many little tips learned travel-



The author, hard at work in her hammock.

Photo courtesy of Rose Merculief

ing in Ecuador, the companionship that grew between us in the group, and overcoming the fear of speaking Spanish badly, and just speaking as well as you could. This story is only a glimpse of all that occurred; ask someone else and you may get a whole different story. There is so much more, but so little time and space. I am very thankful that this was an opportunity provided through UAS Juneau and I was able to take advantage of it. If ever you have the opportunity to travel to a foreign country I would advise you to grab hold of the reigns and ride all the way. It is an irreplaceable experience worth every penny of your investment.

The world of video game warriors

By Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

It's difficult to wander through the student lounge downstairs in the Mourt Building without encountering a video game in progress. Students with controllers in hand regard the video screen with an intense concentration their professors seldom receive, while spectators kibitz and cheer. What charm do these colorful, noisy virtual experiences exert over university students who surely have homework assignments beckoning?

According to freshman Jonathan Shine, most of the games played in the lounge are "fighting games—two person fighters." Tekken 3 is his favorite, Shine says, because it is "the smoothest—the graphics flow nicely and it isn't choppy at all," and because it is "the most realistic."

It's hard to see how a game in which a character undergoes physical punishment that would reduce an actual human body to bloody pulp can be called "realistic." Sophomore Nathan Weed explains. When he calls his favorite fighter game, Soulblade, realistic, he means that the fighting styles of the different characters are realistic and that what he calls the "physics" of the game are more realistic than, for example, Tekken 3. In Soulblade, Weed says, once a character is hit, "you don't have the hang time." In other words, hit them and they fall. Of course, Weed notes, other aficionados would "argue the exact opposite."

Probably so. Electronic Games Forum president Rayme Vinson likes Tekken 3 because it involves competition, balance, and skill. "Some games are just two characters hitting each other," he says, but Tekken 3 offers more complexity. "There's always a countermove to whatever you do—like chess almost."

Genji League agrees with Shine that Tekken 3 is the most realistic fighter game. While Shine favors a character called Nina, Genji's favorite is Heihachi, "a 70-year-old man who beats the crap out of people." Fighter games feature casts of characters; according to Shine, "each character has their own different style of

fighting and each character has moves of their own." Weed says the creators of the games spend years studying fighting styles in order to offer a wide range of options to players. One reason Weed favors Soulblade is that, in his opinion, it offers so many fighting options that "it's almost impossible to learn a character's style the way you can with Tekken." In addition, so many options makes it harder for one character to become "all-powerful," to use Weed's term.

Why do students choose to spend so much time on these video games? "It's fun," Shine says. "It's entertainment."

"It's addictive," says League. "It's relaxing, challenging, and it improves your reflexes somewhat." Vinson calls it "a nice outlet, a nice recreation for an hour or two. It's fun to compete, and there's no basketball court on campus." Student senator Dave Jackson says, "It's my way of relaxing. I'm not a big sports person; I enjoy exercising my mind, and this is a way I can do that casually. It's a chip-on-your-shoulder, one-up-manship kind of thing."

Beyond simple entertainment value, do game players see value in the games they play? Several students mentioned that the games improve hand-eye coordination, but League says, "Unless you're going to do something that requires extreme hand eye coordination, it's kind of worthless." But he goes on to say, "It's interactive, better than watching television. There's a high degree of skill involved, and you get to compete against other people. It's probably not the most time-constructive thing you can do, but it's a good stress reliever." League also thinks the games provide a healthy way to deal with natural aggression. And Vinson says, "It's engaging, better than sitting upstairs between classes staring out the window."

In addition, Jackson says, game playing offers a venue for meeting new people with common interests. "I see myself as a wandering warrior looking for a really good challenge," Jackson says. "When I find a good challenge, I want to spend more time with that player, and we get to know each other."

Most of the students involved in the lounge's Playstation sub-culture belong to the Electronic Games Forum. Student senator Dave Jackson, arguably one of the three "top guns" in the student lounge arsenal in company with League and Vinson, explains how the Forum got started. Tish Griffin, Assistant Director of Student Services, asked Jackson to come up with ideas for student activities that could take place in the lounge. Jackson brought his Playstation from home, along with the fighter game Soulblade, and set up what he calls "a tournament." When Griffin passed through the lounge while the tournament was in progress, she was impressed with how many students were involved. Later, she asked Jackson how much it would cost to purchase Playstation equipment for the school and decided that the student activities office could afford to pay the \$300 price tag.

The continuing student interest in video games was eventually organized into the Electronic Games Forum. The university owns some of the games used in the lounge, but many games, including the popular Tekken 3, belong to students who bring them from home. Jackson says "student input is always wanted" regarding what games should be purchased next.

Jackson considers the Electronic Games Forum a success. "It's a student activity that occurs daily and caters to about 20 students," he says. "The more the school can do that, the more it contributes to student retention." Jackson says visiting students who wander through the lounge and see a group of students involved with a game come away with a perception of UAS as "a fun place to be."

Why do you enjoy playing video games? What's your favorite?

Jon — It's fun. It's entertainment. Tekken 3.

Lori — They're amusing, interesting. It's fun to watch people play. Puzzle Fighter.

Nathan — Because it's a waste of time. Soulblade.

Genji — It's addictive. Tekken 3.

Brian — Competitiveness. It's a way to have fun indoors. Rival School.

Erica — It's a way to be with my friends and take my mind off everything. Grand Turismo.

Dave — It's a chip-on-your-shoulder, one-up-manship kind of thing. Tekken 3, or The Legacy of



Photo by Scott Foster

When not building castles in the sand, UAS Spanish teacher Rick Bellagh likes to build big heads in the snow.



David and Rayme demonstrate the thrills of video game playing

Photo by Cherilyn Johnson

New students take a tour of Juneau

By Leah Behrends and Brant Quom
UAS students

Leah and I arrived in Juneau from our respective towns a week before school started. Leah is from Fredericksburg, Texas and is studying here on National Exchange from Southwest Texas State University. And myself, Brant, am a transfer student from Oakland CA. We were both excited about being here but in our first week hadn't seen much of the area other than the school and Fred Meyers. At orientation we heard about a tour of Juneau that student activities was offering and decided it would be a good idea to sign up.

On Jan. 16, we met Diane Bowes, the student activities facilitator at UAS, and we found that we were the only ones signed up for the tour. We started at 11:00 and headed for the Mendenhall Glacier. Along the way, Diane showed us some useful places like the JRC, and gave us some ideas about what there is in this immediate area. The drive out to the Glacier was nice, it was the first time Leah and I got to see some of the surrounding area. It was also the first day in which the sun peaked through. I had never seen a glacier before (obviously) and I didn't understand what was so amazing about a bunch of packed snow, but at first glance I understood. I wanted to see more. I was really impressed at this time and had a fresh understanding of the opportunities for outdoor activities and the extent and beauty of the wilderness here in Juneau. I was excited to say the least.

Now we were ready to head towards Douglas. On the way, we stopped at the UAS vocational building, and learned what programs they had to offer. We walked around a little and talked about the harbor there. It was interesting to see the fishing boats and the old fashioned dry dock. Downtown was beautiful to see

for the first time, but we flew right over and headed over to Douglas island. Diane took us down North Douglas Highway pointing out trail heads and making brief stops to allow us to take pictures of the beautiful scenery.

The top of Douglas was immensely beautiful. And to see the glacier on the other side of the water just

the harbor there we were able to take a good picture of Juneau in the distance. We passed the trailhead for Jumbo Mountain, which is a hiking trip we plan to take. Tracking back to Juneau we stopped at the viewpoint from Douglas looking directly over the water to Juneau eau, which was another beautiful sight. We took the tour back to Juneau and drove out on Thane Road. We saw the old mine, as well as the remains of the old tunnel under the channel. We returned downtown and began a walking tour. First, we got a snack at Valentine's Coffee Shop, a cool place to hang out. We checked out the used book store next to Valentine's, Rainbow Foods, and a few other small stores. Downtown was very charming. It was really relaxing to just hang out at the coffee shop and then stroll around town. We then went to the State Museum and saw the Governor's Mansion. I thought it was quite interesting how the door lead right to the street. Y'all are laid back up here. The exhibits at the museum were very good and informative. We will have to go back and spend more time. After the museum we went to see the library before it closed, and the highlight was to step out on the pation from up there and look around at everything. Our last part of the tour was a trip to the hostel. It was good to see and helpful to consider a place for people visiting to stay.

The tour was great in giving us lots of ideas about things to do in Juneau and motivated us about being here. We have already been downtown a few more times since the tour and have and will continue to use the information conceived on the tour to further explore the area.

Note: Keep your eyes open for upcoming Student Activities events. There will be survey about them in the next issue of *The Whalesong*.



Leah and Brant in front of the Mendenhall Glacier on their tour of Juneau. Photo by Diane Bowes

made me realize what a good choice it was to come up here. I know I will be kayaking in that area as soon as the weather permits.

Next, we drove through Douglas and saw Perseverance Theater, which looked like a really nice place to go see plays. Diane then took us to Sandy Beach and from

Flight delays

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

Along with the 1998 holiday joy and presents came several days of intense snow storms that left holiday travel planes being re-routed, delayed and rescheduled.

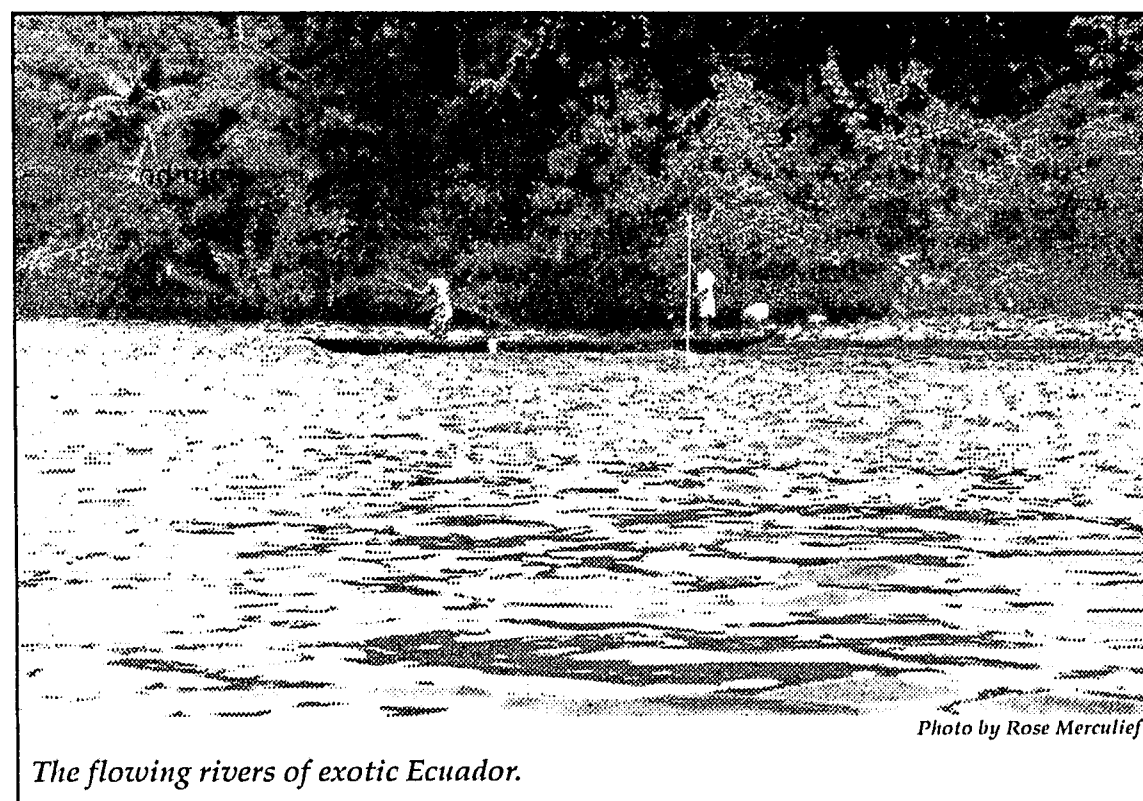
Many UAS students and Juneau residents found themselves between a rock and a hard place due to the drastic weather conditions. There are many factors that cause pilots to "over fly" the Juneau airport, the main reasons being legal and safety considerations, landing minimums, wind, and runway conditions.

"There are generally two types of approaches, precision and non-precision," said Jim Hettwer, aviation safety inspector in the Juneau office of the Federal Aviation Administration. "Juneau does not have a precision approach."

A precision approach allows the airplane to get within 200 feet above the runway and land in approximately one-half-mile visibility. "The reason we don't have a precision approach is because of the terrain," Hettwer said. "The lack of a precision approach requires much higher visibilities and much higher cloud ceilings. The terrain also requires instrument approaches be flown from west to east. And sometimes prevailing winds can affect the pilot's ability to land at all."

When pilots deviate to alternate airports, it is usually Ketchikan, Sitka or Anchorage. Pilots will always pick an airport with suitable facilities to accommodate their passengers. In order for an airplane to land at the Juneau airport, the cloud ceiling must be 1000 feet and visibility must be two miles, according to FAA regulations.

The decision to "over fly" Juneau involves the experienced judgment of the flight crew and ground base dispatchers and the many factors that affect the safety of the flight. "If your flight crew arrives at the decision that it is not prudent to land in Juneau, then be grateful for your safety and their decision to proceed to their alternate airport," Hettwer said. "It may cause you a great deal of inconvenience, but, believe me, it's infinitely preferable than an incomplete flight."



The flowing rivers of exotic Ecuador. Photo by Rose Merculief

UAS Bookstore

Paint SALE

All Oils, Acrylics & Watercolors
40% off

Clothing SALE

Buy a Sweatshirt and get the
Sweatpants at 50% off

Excludes items already on sale.
Sale dates 1-29 through 2-12-99

Effin's back with your horoscope

By Effin Wright
Whalesong columnist

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19) Revert back to basics this month. Do the old-fashioned thing with a new millennium twist. Make a headband and necklace out of old computer chips to show everyone how intelligent and innovative you are. You could even start a new fashion statement with your new wardrobe and call it "software." Exciting concept, isn't it (ha ha). Or how about that new menu for balanced eaters you've been working on. Megabites, gigabites, and what next will they come up with? Coobytes, the breakfast cereal you can just stuff in your nose and ears for that extra rush of knowledge and energy.

Pisces (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) This is your lucky month. Your dreams will all come true. You'll find your love mate (four-plus legs) and Publishers Cleaning House will send you a few million dollars. You'll be an entrepreneur with your own new business, quit school, and have the IRS show up at your door. Lawyers everywhere will sue you, your mate will leave you for a real winner, and you will crawl up in a corner in the fetal position and vegetate until your hair falls out, all in one month. With today's new accelerated lifestyles, this can all be possible. Now isn't that impressive! Gung-ho Moonjab Flaabebe.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Well, aren't we in typical fashion these days. It would be appropriate for you to carry around a spray can of that fire retardant just in case you accidentally ignite someone else or even have to extinguish yourself. Try this exciting experiment while you're studying any reading materials. Listen to your favorite music with your headphones on and read. Try listening with just your left ear and read a few pages. Then just listen with your right ear and read a few more pages. Then go back and have a friend (or enemy) check your retention and comprehension for both. Then read a few more pages with no music or chatter at all and quiz on that. Interesting, isn't it.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) Leaping into the New Year as a bludgeoning ballerina, are we. Toss out your slick idea about selling Beanie Babies and making a killing. By the time you graduate, they will be obsolete. The new craze will be "Barfy Babies" that will toss their lunch on command and blast off into space via an estes rocket stuffed up its ass. Forget about being the smartest in your class, because you will be the first human ever to have a Pentium processor integrated right into your brain. You'll never have to worry about studying and competing again. And if you get too bored, you can always try that losing concept and actually work for a living, but I doubt you'd be very happy.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20) Two heads are better than one. Your split personality should not be confused with your alter ego. No, that is an entirely different realm. Fortunately for you, both your personalities are positive and have learned to complement one another over the years. Kinda like Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dumb. Scientists say that we only use 10 percent of our actual brain. Well, due to your past behavior, you only have 10 percent left, so you'd better make the most of it. Maybe if you could shut down your other brain, it would conserve on energy during off peak hours.

Cancer (Jun. 21-Jul. 22) Common sense is your forte and I'm glad for you. The world has an overabundance of educated derelicts. You know the type. The rocket scientists that when you ask them to blink their eyes, they freeze because they don't know what you mean. (Most likely your spouse or mate.) Have you ever wondered why society calls them mates? Mating has always meant one thing and I hardly think it relates with social value or organization. Ah well, enough of this mumbo-jumbo.

Leo (Jul. 23-Aug. 22) Your mission, should you decide to accept, Mr. or Mrs. Kelps, is one of intrigue and danger at high profile. You will introduce new legislation that will demand that all organ donors get paid the full thousands of dollars for their organs if they die. This lump sum can then be willed to a beneficiary of their choice. Why let the medical community get that entire overhead without even being there its whole life. It will be an excellent hedge against inflation and the rising cost of real estate. Assuming inflation continues as it has in the past 20 years, one is going to have to die to be able to afford their own home and to own it free and clear in one's lifetime. Sounds too weird.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22) Oh, just go to hell, you pssphftssssstttt. Hey, just kidding! Got your attention, didn't I. Your effervescent character invites many new friends and possibilities to better yourself and others. Although your budget isn't quite as elastic as you might think, but really now. Shoplifting isn't the answer to correcting your problem. Besides, there is not anything of value in this town you could fence anywhere anyway. Try perhaps being a part-time fully-in-denial politician so you could scam plenty of funny money while working at school, so when you graduate you just might get a real career you can be proud of.

Libra (Sep. 23-Oct. 23) Welcome. Libra, we are looking for a great start from you in the newness of the year. Slap those cheeks to make them look all rosy. Sterilize that fungus between your ears from the holidays. Inject that adrenaline shot the doctors always give before they try to resuscitate a dead person by electrocution. Here is a good one for you. Start a calisthenics program like jogging. Yes. Start jogging around campus on your hands, flailing your legs in the air wildly. Should you need to rest, don't stand up, just find the nearest light pole

or tree to lean up against. Remember that practice makes perfect. No more carpal tunnel for you to worry about. Good luck!

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) Shalom. See the acupuncturist in town, or just ask one of your fellow peers for a favor. Tell them to strategically place 52 of these needles into your head—it will activate certain nerve centers in your brain you never thought existed. If the popularity gets too much for you, simply contact one of the ladies from the quilting society in town and I am sure they could arrange to custom-make a fancy pin-cushion bonnet so you wouldn't have to worry about sleeping on a mercury or Epsom salt pillow.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23.-Dec. 21) Enough mental mastication. Quit chewing your cud and start cuddling your chew. You say you have been on the outside looking in and the inside looking out. Tisk tisk tisk. Well, you are in college now and it's time to grow up. Start actually turning inside out and let the outside in. You will probably encounter new phenomena. It's called the degenerative regeneration. I bet your head is all fuzzy now. It's fragmentation of knowledge at its very best and I am sure you will have a wonderful time creating your own hypotheses relating it to present cultures worldwide.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan 19) If I were you I wouldn't match wits with a sea cucumber this month. Try something simple like metaphysics or computer programming. Or maybe even prove there really is intelligent life on the third rock from the sun. At the very least, a close facsimile. Don't worry, you'll be right on in the 2000 decade but you'll have to twist and contort that thinking process just a bit. Hey, Bill Gates started out in a garage in San Jose, California (I know, I've been there) so don't limit yourself to just what people teach you in school. You must think in the beyond to be able to make a significant change in the world for yourself and others.

The Whalesong interprets your dreams

By the Whalesong Medium

Dreams are your instincts, your unconscious phoning you with helpful hints, and if you allow for it your destiny expressing itself. Some dreams are obvious, you saw something and had a dream about it, or wanting to have sex with someone, but dreams may also seem obvious yet contain symbols that are profound. Most dreams fall between the extremes. To understand your dreams, you must be willing to be honest with yourself, and perhaps to get started, accept a gentle push into the lake of self-awareness in the canoe of natural curiosity from the dream interpreter. A better, fuller life awaits. Fear not the journey.

Dear dream interpreter,
In my dream, my sister is trying to kill me. What does this mean?
Urban Cowboy

Gitty Up Cowboy,
Your feminine side; i.e. gentleness, a caring disposition, creativeness, cooperativeness, emotional grandeur; is lashing out, having been suppressed so long it has little recourse but to act desperately.

Dear dream interpreter,
In my dream, my two friends and I are walking down the sidewalk with a plastic baby. We come upon an old lady walking towards us who also has a plastic baby. The babies turn to living babies then they start checking each other out. Then her baby sticks its head into our baby's mouth. Then our baby eats the other baby. As we apologize profusely and explain our baby has never done such a thing, the old lady says, "All of his organs have been donated and we didn't know what to do with them anyway." Channel Cat

Catman,
Your dream means that your vulnerability and need for (to) love are preventing you from attaining wisdom.

Dear dream interpreter,
My friend drops me off at the beach. The waves are huge, washing up over the parking lot. Then a tsunami comes in and I get on a boat to escape, the tsunami passes but then there are 800 people in the water drowning and not one can get on the boat. Then I wake up. Any idea what this means?
Left Wondering

Lefty,
Friends in dreams are commonly a representation of some part of yourself. I think in this dream, the adventurous part of yourself is inviting you to check out the cool stuff in your unconscious, hence, he drops you off at the ocean. Deep water is a strong symbol of the unconscious. The waves and tsunami could be a sign of something big just about to happen in your real life, it could be a sexual reference, or, and I think, it's part of a bigger invite to visit your own, metaphorically speaking of course, ocean. The boat is a symbol of your openmindedness and willingness to learn more about yourself, but the first thing you come to in your journey is fear of failure, represented by the drowning people, mixed in with the ingrained horrors of your family having gone through the holocaust. The dream interpreter must chuckle (not at the holocaust of course) but because it's so like real life. You go to do something worthwhile, i.e. hard, and immediately, the hurdles start stacking up. Try exorcising your fears, just say or think, "I'm not scared." Stay in your dream and see where the boat goes.

If you would like to know more about your dreams, put a pen and some paper on your nightstand. Write down what happens in as much detail as possible as soon as you wake up. Even, and especially if, it's the middle of the night. If there is some problem, anxiety, guilt feelings, etc. in your real life you think may be affecting your dream, include a brief summary. If you think something is affecting your dream, chances are, it is. Drop off your notes at the Whalesong in the Maurant Building, 1st floor; or e-mail us at jywale@uas.alaska.edu. Fear not the journey.

The Breast Fest

Artists Lost in Their Fervor

By Joe Parnell
Whalesong Reporter

How delightful to find a play/writer poking fun at men. Yes we're shallow and pompous, though individuals break from the herd occasionally, of course. Perhaps we just need to be reminded in a thoughtful way. In this regard, Lisa Loomer is a steak sandwich in a world of candy bars. Was the theme, we need all this beauty, all this treatment or all this beauty treatment? Coming in a plot heavily weighted on the hallucinatory, allegory, and I must add ambiguous sides because two hours and fifty minutes is too long for any theatre, except maybe Lion King and I must add maybe because I've never been to Lion King, the theme is elusive. Albeit, it's hard to know what the theme is amongst artists lost in their fervor, wonderfully so for a couple hours, or does the shadow know? In this case the dry ice smoke fog billowing out the front sub backstage. Although just because you are underneath something doesn't mean you are worse off.

But really, the lack of discernable plot, the tension between text, subtext, director's subplot, and props proprietor, who wrote the best line in the CBJ propagandized on the front cover play manual when she said, "under the guise of properties management, the treasure hunt continues," combined with the overt yet aggressive post feminist symbolism, is all by design, while the dialogue feigned a scary randomness. A conundrum ensues. Is cancer a metaphor for money? Lust for beauty a metaphor for greed? Are we all confused, fallible, childlike in our understanding of our bodies, demented? This play opens many doors.

So what is the play about? Health care, time travel and medical marijuana. This play is a Mary Engles "Redistribution of Wealth" comedy posing as E.R./Time Cop/J.D. Salinger essay.

My character award goes to Oliver. He encapsulated the subliminal angst identified by empirical studies of psychological trends in homeys. Studies I don't have, however with a UAS grant and some sabbatical time to ensure proper results, I could get you one. My poignancy award goes to the poem uttered by the Jamaican barmaid near the end of the play as she vented her opinion on the two sunbathers/robber barons (men), whose poem said something about pictures of yellow headed children, but I think she meant yellow fever.

The most powerful moment in the play was the giving of the graduation tit. She seems to be saying, I've graduated from tits, but she still has the cancer. This inert imbalance makes us probe again. Is she really saying, "medical waste is a big problem, especially in New Jersey Will you take this with you to a earlier, simpler time? I just had surgery and I'm going through some major self-image problems right now and I just can't deal with it." The Ding-Dongs were important also. They gave the writer a chance to assume a one-thirds Godlike position. Miss From-Heaven though treated her gift with disdain? Are we that way with our bodies, or our Ding-Dongs, our lattes? Was she really dancing because she just had a big joint or was it a dream? If we knew these things, the play probably wouldn't be so long.

Speaking of dreams, R.E.M. cycles have been found to be one and three quarters hour long (reported by John at Hoochi's, 1999) Things become standards because they work good. Does Lisa Loomer deserve overtime? From this critics point of view, no; but I'm particularly adverse to being captive, and if I got up and left the Perseverance Theatre, let's face it, I'd be ostracized. Not only that but my drama teacher was in the audience. I'm certain the artists demanded two hours fifty minutes was the maximum minimum, well actually I'm not certain of that, but why else? Lost in their fervor, they obliterate out the sense of time, lost by them but not by those in the cheap seats.



A Letter from Mom

Inspiring Quote: "I prithee give me leave to curse awhile." - Joan de Pucelle (Joan of Arc), from 1 Henry VI, Act V, Scene III.

Dear Offspring,

I hope your new semester is going well up there in the Alaskan wilderness. It better be, considering what I'm paying for your privilege. I hear it's been pretty cold up there. Things are about the same here at home. We just found out that your cousin Axel's daughter Evelyn, that he had by that girl he wasn't married to before he got married to somebody else, is pregnant and doing drugs. One or the other wouldn't be so bad maybe, but both at once is not right smart. But what can you expect, the girl ain't had no raisin'. She's only just 14. Axel's mom is taking it pretty hard, but whether she's upset about the baby, the drugs, or the fact that she's about to become a great-grandma I couldn't say. Well, that's about all from the home front. Stay warm, and write to me sometime.

Love, Mom

One-line movie reviews

By The Midgett
Ecuadorian hammok lier and former Whalesong Production Manager

Star Trek: Insurrection

Members of the Enterprise-E away team must endure the torture of puberty again in order to save an M-Class planet-of-youth from evil experts of plastic surgery.

A Bug's Life

A colony of grasshopper-serving, docile ants are emancipated when an anthropomorphized, computer-generated ant recruits an unlikely bunch of circus bugs to act the role of heroes in an unwieldy, but somehow effective, scheme of retaliation.

The Negotiator (El Mediador)

A plot to steal money from the Los Angeles Police Department's pension plan is uncovered when someone tries to frame a top-notch police negotiator who then takes some hostages of his own so that he may bargain for his job and his life with a top-notch negotiator from a neighboring jurisdiction.

The Devil's Advocate (El Abogado del Diablo)

A not half-bad, small town lawyer and his beautiful wife are drawn to hell (read: New York City) and into a web of evil by the lawyerly incarnation of Satan.

Contact

A girl with a passion for long distance phone calls grows up to become the first astronomer to discover a signal of intelligence from outer space, and later, the only person to travel by wormhole to another star system while inwardly arguing with herself over the merits of science vs. religion.

UAS Classifieds

Young male poet searching for mystical female muse.

Natural blond (has broken headboards at The Alaskan) seeks anxious, Penthouse-loving male to adore her.

Ed.'s note: You should call the poet.

Deadline for the next issue of the Whalesong is February 8. Any and all student contributions will be accepted.

Containers can be found in the library and the cafeteria for the SE Food Bank canned food drive. Please contribute what you can.

To Owen, Sorry about the exploding stand.